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J. Fenimore Cooper.

T. Macdonough

ing particularly the obvious evils of the divided control of the army, and the inadequate modes of provision for its support, resulting in inefficiency and neglect. For the cure of this and other evils, he proposes a General Convention to be gifted with full authority to establish a confederation, which should separate the powers proper to the General Government from those of the States. He proposes the appointment of several "great officers of state," mostly the same with the present heads of departments, and dwells at length on his favorite financial idea of a National Bank, combining public authority and faith with private credit. Speaking of the convention, he was so clearly impressed with the course afterwards pursued, as to suggest the preparation of "the minds of all the States and the people to receive its determinations by sensible and popular writings." The Convention of 1787 gave him, at length, the wished for opportunity to enter upon a full discussion of his plans in a cause and before an audience worthy of his powers. Washington was the presiding officer, Franklin was in attendance; it was a congregation of notables—Rufus King, Oliver Ellsworth, Roger Sherman, William Livingston, Robert Morris, Gouverneur Morris, John Dickinson, Luther Martin, James Madison, George Wythe, John Rutledge, and others as worthy. Much has been said of Hamilton's course in this Convention, and of his advocacy of monarchical views. It is true that a plan of government which he supported in a speech of length and eloquence, provided several features, as the life tenure of the President and senators and the appointment of State officers by the General Government, which, in the interpretation of some minds, as Patrick Henry used to express it, "was an awful squinting towards monarchy;" but on the other hand, it should be remembered that the Convention was a meeting for consultation, with closed doors, in a committee of the whole, in which perfect freedom in the interchange of views was desirable; that, in the view of our own day, other members displayed heresies quite as obnoxious and that in the final resolves of the Constitution, Hamilton, with the others, yielded his prejudices, and became the firm defender of the instrument as it was adopted and substantially now stands.

Remember the age of Hamilton at this time—twenty-nine; a greater prodigy in the Convention at Philadelphia than the youth in the army of Washington. To no one probably are we more indebted for the Constitution than to Hamilton. The Convention which laid the instrument before the country for its adoption had scarcely adjourned, when in company with Madison and Jay, he took up the pen in its explanation and defence, in the celebrated series of papers, "The Federalist," originally published in the New York "Daily Advertiser." Hamilton began and closed the work. Of its eighty-five papers much the greater portion, it is believed, were written by him.

The discussion of the financial and military powers, the executive and the judiciary fell to his pen. In the New York Convention he was again the effi-

cient advocate of the adoption of the Constitution. In a separate series of papers, signed Philo Publius, published in another journal, Hamilton, assisted by his friends, met various objections, the discussion of which would have marred the unity of "The Federalist," which was thus left a classical commentary upon the Constitution.

Having been thus instrumental in forming the Constitution, Hamilton was destined to be one of the most active agents of its powers. When the new government went into operation, under its provisions he was summoned by Washington, to the discharge of one of the most onerous duties of the department, in his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury. He continued in office six years, marking his administration—for such it was in his province—by his report and measures for the funding of the public debt, the excise revenue system, which he was called upon to assert in arms during the insurrection of western Pennsylvania, and the creation of a National Bank. His reports on these subjects, and on manufactures, in which he advocated protection, are among the most important contributions of their kind to our national archives. In allusion to the financial measures of Hamilton, and their success at the time in the welfare of the country, Daniel Webster, in a speech at New York, half a century afterwards, exclaimed: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprung upon its feet."

The measures of Hamilton, however, were not adopted without great opposition. Jefferson was their persistent opponent; local interests and State pretensions arose to thwart the measures of Government, and gave birth to the party feuds of Federalism and its opponents. A growing element of disaffection was added to the political caldron in the relations with England, and the disturbing influences of the principles of the French Revolution. Hamilton bore the brunt of much of this popular opposition, which came to a crisis in the discussions attending the British Treaty of Jay, in 1794, as he defended its provisions in the papers signed "Camillus," while it was before the country, and advocated its leading neutrality principles in "The Letters of Pacificus," published by him the previous year. When France had wearied out all indulgence by her aggressions on the high seas, and the treatment of our ministers at Paris, and Washington was again called to the field in anticipation of an expected invasion, he gave the second command to Hamilton, who now employed himself in the organization of the army. On the death of Washington he became commander-in-chief. On the conclusion of a treaty with France, the army was disbanded.

In the intervals of these public duties Hamilton was actively employed in his profession in the higher courts of the State. The late Chancellor Kent afterwards recalled his "clear, elegant and fluent style and commanding manner. He never made any argument in court without displaying his habit of thinking and resorting at once to some well founded principle of law,

and drawing his deductions logically from his premises. Law was always treated by him as a science, founded on established principles. His manners were gentle, affable and kind. He appeared to be frank, liberal and courteous in all his professional intercourse."

The last important trial in which Hamilton was engaged—the case of the People against Harry Croswell, in the Supreme Court, a few months before his untimely death—is memorable also for his maintenance of the right of juries to determine the law as well as the fact in cases of libel.

The party politics of the time had been broken up in the simplicity of their outline by the administration of John Adams. Aaron Burr was the most prominent intriguer in the field. He had attained the Vice-Presidency, and the choice hung for a while suspended between him and Jefferson for the Presidency. Between the two, Hamilton, who had formed an unfavorable opinion of the character of Burr, preferred his old antagonist, Jefferson, and cast his influence accordingly. When Burr afterwards sought the office of Governor of New York, in a contest with a member of his own Republican party, in which he relied upon the support of the Federalists, he was defeated by Hamilton, who made no secret of his opposition. Smarting under the failure of his intrigue, Burr determined to challenge the honest man who stood in his way to power. He had no ground of personal offence, bringing Hamilton within any justifiable pretensions even of the lax code of the duellist. The expressions which he called upon him to avow or disavow, were vague, and were based upon the report of a person who specified neither time, place, nor the words. It was a loose matter of hearsay which was alleged—evidently a wanton provocation to a murderous duel. Burr demanded so broad a retraction from Hamilton of all he might have said, that compliance was impossible. It was an attempt to procure an indorsement of his character at the cost of the moral character of the indorser. Hamilton despised the manœuvre, but perceiving that a meeting was forced upon him, and unhappily determining, contrary to his better judgment, that his usefulness would be destroyed in the public affairs of the times if he avoided the contest, fell into the fatal snare.

The final arrangements were made for a meeting on the twenty-seventh of June. William P. Van Ness was the second of Burr, and Nathaniel Pendleton of Hamilton. To give Hamilton time to attend to some business of the court then in session, and to private affairs demanding his attention, the duel was arranged for the eleventh of July. It was to take place at seven in the morning, at Weehawken, the weapons pistols, the distance ten paces. The matter, in the meanwhile, was kept perfectly quiet. Hamilton transacted his business, and on the fourth of July dined at the same table with Burr, at the annual festival of the Cincinnati. He executed his will, in which he made provision for his family and creditors, thinking tenderly of his wife, enjoining his children to bear in mind she had

been to them the most devoted and best of mothers. On the night preceding the appointment, he wrote a paper declaring his intention to throw away his fire, and acquitting himself before the world of the malice of the duellist, while he rested his conduct upon his usefulness to his country. The next morning they met: Burr with Van Ness and Matthew L. Davis; Hamilton with Pendleton and Dr. Hosack. The duel was fought within a few feet of the shore, in a woodland scene beneath the cliff opposite the present inhabited portion of the city, at a spot now traversed or closely approached by the river road, but then readily accessible only by water. Hamilton fell, at the first fire, mortally wounded, his pistol-shot striking at random a twig some seven feet above the head of his antagonist. Burr fled, a wanderer over the earth. Hamilton was carried across the river, supported by Pendleton and Dr. Hosack, to the house of his friend, Mr. Bayard, at Greenwich. He was there enabled to take farewell of his family, and receive the last consolations of religion from the hands of Bishop Moore. He died on the afternoon of Thursday, July 12, 1804.

The reception of the fatal news sent a thrill of horror through the community. The brilliant, fiery youth of Hamilton, which had lighted his countrymen to victory and a place among the nations—Hamilton, the counsellor of Washington, the consummate statesman of the Constitution, the reliance of the State, the hope of the future: visions such as these were contrasted in the popular mind with his wretched fall. We perhaps darken the shades of the picture, for time and proof have added to the greatness of Hamilton, and Burr waited not for death to exhibit the penury of his fame. But the men who knew the heart of Hamilton, who saw in him the bulwark of the State, his contemporaries, wept his fate with no common lamentation. New York gave her public honors to his grave. Gouverneur Morris, with strenuous words, delivered the funeral oration by the side of his bier, under the portico of old Trinity; Mason, the pulpit orator of his time, thundered his strong sentences at the crime which had robbed the world of Hamilton; Fisher Ames lamented with the grief of a patriot, and the affection of a brother, in the shades of Dedham.

PAUL JONES.

Paul Jones, the popular naval hero of the Revolution, the son of John Paul, a gardener in Scotland, was born July 6, 1747, at a cottage on the estate of his father's employer, Mr. Craik, at Arbigland, in the parish of Kirkbean. His parents belonged to a respectable class of the population of the country. The boy, as is wont with Scottish boys, however humble, received the elements of education, but could not have advanced very far with his books, since we find him at the age of twelve apprenticed to the sea. The situation of Kirkbean, on the shore of the Solway, naturally gave a youth of spirit an inclination to life on the ocean; and he had not far to seek for employment in the trading-port of Whitehaven, in the opposite county of Cumberland. Paul's first adventure—the appendix of Jones was an afterthought of his career—was in the service of Mr. Younger, a merchant in the American trade, who sent his apprentice on a voyage to Virginia, where an elder brother of Paul had profitably established himself at Fredericksburg. This gave him an early introduction to the country with which the fame of the future soldier of fortune was to be especially identified.

The apprenticeship of Paul was of short duration. The failure of his employer threw the youth upon his own resources; but he lost no time in taking care of himself. His studies on shipboard had already qualified him for the higher duties of the mercantile service; the slave-trade, the active pursuit of those days, offered him an engagement; he sailed for the African coast in the King George, a vessel engaged in this infamous traffic, out of Whitehaven, and in his nineteenth year, was trusted as chief mate of the Two Friends, another vessel of the trade, belonging to Jamaica. Having carried his human cargo to the island, sickening of the pursuit, he sailed as a passenger to Kirkcubright, in his native district. Opportunities are always presenting themselves to the watchful and the initiated. The chief officers of the vessel died of the fever; Paul took the command, and carried the ship in safety to the owners. They put him in command of the brig, the John, on another West India voyage, in the course of which an incident happened which gave him for some time an ill name, and diverted him from his country. He had occasion to punish the carpenter, Mungo Maxwell, for some infraction of duty, by flogging; Maxwell complained to the authorities,

at Tobago, without redress, and the whole affair would have been thought of no consequence, had not the complainant died shortly after; not indeed of his wounds, but of a West India fever. The report gained ground that Captain Paul had killed him. In consequence of annoyance from this affair, or other difficulties, Paul left Scotland, finally, in 1771, never to return to it, save to carry terror among its population. He proceeded to London; found employment in the West India trade, and in 1773 settled himself for awhile in Virginia on the estate of his brother, to whom he had now become heir. This was a grand turning-point of his career, and to signalize it properly, Paul, who was somewhat of a fanciful turn, added the name Jones to his proper appellation, John Paul.[1]

On the organization of the infant navy of the United States in 1775, John Paul Jones, as he is henceforth to be called, received the appointment of first of the first lieutenants in the service, in which, in his station on the flag-ship Alfred, he claimed the honor of being the foremost, on the approach of the commander-in-chief, Commodore Hopkins, to raise the new American flag. This was the old device of a rattlesnake coiled on a yellow ground, with the motto, *Don't tread on me*, which is yet partially retained in the seal of the war-office.

The first service of the new squadron was the attack upon the island of New Providence, in which Jones rendered signal assistance. On the return voyage, the unsatisfactory encounter with the Glasgow occurred, which afterwards resulted in the dismissal of one of the American officers, and Jones' appointment in his place to the command of the Providence, of twelve guns and seventy men. His exploits in this vessel gained him his first laurels. He now received the rank of Captain, and sailed on various expeditions, transporting troops, convoying merchantmen, outsailing British frigates, and greatly harassing the enemy's commercial interests. His success in these enterprises induced Commodore Hopkins to put him in command of the Alfred and other vessels on an expedition to the eastward, which resulted in the capture of various important prizes of transport and other ships, and extensive injury

[1] His biographers have offered various conjectures as to the motive of this change. One thinks it was with the intention of founding a new race in a new country, as if there had not been Joneses enough in the world already; another is of opinion, that as he might be called upon to fight against England, it would be better that his old friends should not know him—which is making Paul, or Jones, of more consequence than he, at that time, really was; another, who thinks that the addition was made a little later, fancies in it a compliment to his friend, Gen. William Jones, of North Carolina; while Cooper, the novelist and naval historian, makes up his mind, after a consideration of all these suppositions, that on the principle of a dog having an ill name, being worth nothing but to be hung, Paul, in reality, became Jones on account of a distasteful recollection of the haunting odium of that unfortunate Maxwell affair. If John Paul were not in itself as good a name as any to "fill the trump of fame," we should be inclined to think the conscious hero had chosen the new designation simply with an eye to its sound. Certainly, whatever may have been the impulse, the name, short, sonorous, emphatic, capable of being heard in the uproar of a tempest, or the crashing of a cannonade, has been a decided popular success. There is much in the naming of heroes; and, indeed, our naval service, from the time of Paul Jones himself, has been particularly fortunate in this respect. There is a stirring appeal in the very names—Bainbridge, Decatur, Perry, Preble, Somers, Lawrence.

to the fisheries at Canso. On his return, he was superseded in the command of the Alfred, his seniority in the service being set aside, a grievance which led to remonstrance on his part, and a correspondence with the Committee of Congress, in the course of which Jones made many valuable suggestions as to the service, and gained the friendship of that eminent business man of the old Confederacy, Robert Morris. There appear to have been several appointments for him in progress when his somewhat unsettled position became determined by the resolve of Congress to send him to France for the purpose of taking command of a frigate to be provided for him by the Commissioners at Paris. By the resolution of June 14, 1777, he was appointed to the Ranger, newly built at Portsmouth, and—a second instance of the kind—had the honor of hoisting for the first time the new flag of the stars and stripes; at least he claimed the distinction, for the bustling vanity of Jones made him punctilious in these accidental matters of personal renown.

It took some time to prepare the Ranger for sea, but Jones got off on his adventure in November, made a couple of prizes by the way, and at the end of a month reached Nantes. Disappointed in obtaining the large vessel which he had expected, and obliged to be contented with the Ranger, he employed his time in making acquaintance with the French navy at Quiberon Bay, and offering valuable suggestions for the employment of D'Estaing's fleet on the American coast. He soon determined to put to sea on an adventure of spirit. On the tenth of April, 1778, he sailed from Brest on a cruise in British waters. Directing his course to the haunts of his youth, he captured a brigantine off Cape Clear and a London ship in the Irish Channel; planned various bold adventures on the Irish coast, which he was not able to carry out by adverse influences of wind and tide, but well-nigh succeeded in burning a large fleet of merchantmen in the docks of Whitehaven. In this last adventure, he made a landing at night, and advanced to the capture of the town-batteries, leaving his officers to fire the ships, of which there were about two hundred in the port. His orders were not obeyed, either from insufficient preparations or the relenting of his agents, when he himself set fire to one of the largest of the vessels. It was now day, and the people were warned by a deserter from his force, but Jones managed to hold the whole town at bay till he made good his retreat. This daring affair was an impromptu of Jones' genius, justified in his view by similar depredations of the British on the American coast; but it had an ugly look of ingratitude to the place which had sheltered his youth, and first given him promotion in the world.

Nor was this all. He immediately crossed to his native shore of Scotland, with the intention of seizing the Earl of Selkirk, at his seat on the promontory of St. Mary's Isle on the Solway, near Kirkcudbright. Landing at the spot, he ascertained that the earl was from home. Disappointed in his object, he would have returned, when the

officers in his boat insisted upon a demand for the family plate. Jones demurred, for he had always much of the gentleman about him; but yielded with the proviso that the thing was to be done in the most delicate manner possible. His lieutenant, Simpson, undertook the business, and introduced himself to Lady Selkirk, who was, conveniently enough for his purposes, engaged at breakfast. She had at first taken the party for a press-gang, and had offered them refreshments; on being informed of the nature of their visit, their request, backed by the armed crew at the door, was complied with. The butler collected the plate, estimated in one account at a hundred pounds, in another at a thousand. Meanwhile, we are told, "Paul Jones strolled under the noble oaks and chestnuts that adorn St. Mary's Isle, with reflections, which his sudden return among scenes so attractive, where every object was so familiar to him, must have strangely blended with exultation and with pain."[1] If Jones thought of anything at this time, it was of the unhappy errand on which his men were engaged; for we shall presently find him at the first interval of leisure taking measures to repair the act. For the moment, however, he had more serious work on hand. In his upward voyage along the Irish coast, he had looked into Belfast Lough, after his majesty's sloop-of-war Drake, of twenty guns, which he attempted to board in a night attack by a bold manœuvre, which came within an ace of success. Immediately after the affair of St. Mary's, he ran across the channel, and had the fortune to meet the Drake coming out of Carrickfergus. She was getting to sea to check the exploits of the Ranger, which had now alarmed the whole region. Jones desired nothing more than an encounter. As the ship drew up she hailed the Ranger. Jones gave the reply through his sailing-master—"The American continental ship Ranger. We are waiting for you. Come on. The sun is little more than an hour high, and it is time to begin!" A broadside engagement commenced, and continued at close quarters for an hour, when the Drake surrendered. Her captain and first lieutenant were mortally wounded, her sails and rigging terribly cut up, and hull much shattered. The loss of the Ranger was two killed and six wounded; that of the Drake, forty-two. The Drake had two guns the advantage of her adversary. The action took place on the 24th of April; on the 8th of May, Jones having traversed the channel, carried his prize safely into Brest.

His first thought now was to make some amends to Lady Selkirk, and his own reputation for the plundering visit of his lieutenant. He therefore addressed to her, the very day of his landing, an extraordinary letter—Jones was fond of letter-writing—full of high-sounding phrases, and professions of gallantry and esteem, in the midst of which he failed not to recite the splendid victory of the Ranger. He drew a picture of the terrors inflicted by the British in America; and in respect to that unfortunate plate, expressed his

[1] Mackenzie's Life of Paul Jones, I. 71.

intention to purchase it in the sale of the prize, and restore it at his own expense to the family. This, after delays and obstacles, he finally accomplished some years later, when we are told it was all returned as it was taken, the very tea-leaves of the parting breakfast clinging to the tea-pot.

The affair of the Ranger, so brilliantly conducted, the short, energetic cruise in narrow seas, so near the British naval stations, gave Jones a great reputation for gallantry in Paris. The delays and difficulties, however, incidental to the wretched state of the American finances abroad, and the imperfect relations of his country with the French court, were well calculated to cool any enthusiasm excited by his conquest; and a man of less vivacity and perseverance than Jones might have dropped the service. He persevered. His lieutenant, Simpson, after various refractory proceedings, had sailed home in the Ranger, when an arrangement was finally made with Le Ray de Chaumont, the negotiator of the French court, to furnish a jointly equipped and officered fleet, of which Jones was to take the command. Five vessels were thus provided, including the American frigate, Alliance. An old Indiaman, the Duke de Duras, fell to the lot of Jones. In compliment to Dr. Franklin, one of the commissioners, and especially in gratitude for a hint which he had accidentally lighted upon in an odd number of that philosopher's almanac, to the effect that whoever would have his business well done must do it himself—a suggestion by which Jones had greatly profited in giving a final spur to his protracted negotiations—he changed the name of his vessel by permission of the French government, to the Bon Homme Richard.

Jones at length set sail, on the fourteenth of August, with his squadron. Landais, an incompetent Frenchman in the American service, was in command of the Alliance. It was altogether a weak, mongrel affair. The Bon Homme Richard was unseaworthy, her armament was defective, and in her motley crew, Englishmen and foreigners outnumbered the Americans. The plan of the cruise was to sail round the British Islands from the westward. At Cape Clear, the commander parted with two of the smaller vessels of the squadron, which now consisted of his own ship, the Alliance, the Pallas, and the Vengeance. The service was, however, far more impaired by the insubordination of Landais, who evinced great jealousy of his superior. Several prizes were taken, one of them by Jones off Cape Wrath, at the extremity of Scotland. Traversing the eastern coast, he arrived with the Pallas and the Vengeance at the Frith of Forth, and entertained the bold idea of attacking the armed vessels at the station, and put not only Leith, but possibly the capital, Edinburgh itself, under contribution. He would certainly have made the attempt; indeed it was in full progress, when it was defeated by a violent gale of wind.

Jones now continued his course southwardly, casting longing eyes upon Hull and Newcastle, when, having been joined by the Alliance, the squadron

suddenly, off Flamborough Head, fell in with the Baltic fleet, protected by two British cruisers, the Serapis, 44, Captain Pearson, and the Countess of Scarborough, 20, Captain Piercy. Jones at once prepared for action. The combat which ensued between the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard, is one of the most remarkable in the annals of naval warfare, for the circumstances under which it was fought, the persistence of the contest, and the well matched valor of the commanders. The engagement was by moonlight, on a tranquil sea, within sight of the shore, which was crowded with spectators, who thronged the promontory of Flamborough Head and the piers of Scarborough. After various preliminary manœuvres on the part of the English commander to shelter the merchantmen, the engagement began at half-past seven in the evening with a series of attempts of the Bon Homme Richard to come to close quarters with her antagonist. At the first broadside of Jones' vessel, two of the old eighteen-pounders mounted in her gun-room, burst, with fearful destruction to the men. This accident compelled the closing of the lower ports, and produced a still greater inequality between the combatants than at the start; for the Serapis was not only a well constructed, well furnished man-of-war, thoroughly equipped, while the Poor Richard had every disadvantage in these respects, but the absolute weight of metal was, at the outset, greatly in favor of the Englishman. The Richard then passed to windward of the Serapis, receiving her fire, which did much damage to the rotten hull of the old Indiaman. Jones next attempted a movement to get into position to rake his antagonist from stem to stern, which resulted in a momentary collision. There was an effort to board the Serapis, which was repulsed, when Captain Pearson called out, "Has your ship struck?" and Jones instantly replied, "I have not yet begun to fight." The ships then separating, were brought again to a broadside encounter, when Jones, feeling the superior force of the Serapis, and her better sailing, was fully prepared to take advantage of the next position as the ships fell foul of one another, to grapple with his opponent. He himself assisted in lashing the jib-stay of the Serapis to the mizzen mast of the Richard. The ships became now closely entangled for their full length on their starboard sides; so near were they together, that the guns of one touched the sides of the other, and in some places where the portholes met, the guns were loaded by passing the rammers into the opposite vessel. Every discharge in this position was of course most deadly, and told fearfully upon the rotten timbers of the Richard. To add to Jones' embarrassment, he was repeatedly fired upon by Landais, from the Alliance, which always kept her position with the Richard between her and the enemy. This extraordinary circumstance is only to be accounted for by an entire lack of presence of mind in the confusion, or by absolute treachery. The charitable supposition is, that Landais, utterly unworthy of the command, was laboring under

insanity. The Serapis poured in her fire below from a full battery, while the Richard was confined to three guns on deck. She had efficient aid, however, in clearing the deck of the Serapis, from the musketry and hand grenades of her men in the tops. One of these missiles reached the lower gun-deck of the Serapis, and there setting fire to a quantity of exposed cartridges, produced a destruction of life, an offset to the fearful loss of the Richard by the bursting of her guns in the opening of the engagement. The injury to the Richard, from the wounds inflicted upon her hull, was at this time so great, that she was pronounced to be sinking, and there was a cry among the men of surrender; not, however, from Jones, who was as much himself at this extremity as ever. Seeing the English prisoners, who had been released below, more than a hundred in number, rushing upon deck, where in a moment they might have leaped into the Serapis, and put themselves under their country's flag, he coolly set them to working the pumps, to save the sinking ship. Human courage and resolution have seldom been more severely tried than in the exigencies of this terrible night on board the Richard. Jones continued to ply his feeble cannonade from the deck, levelled at the mainmast of the adversary. Both vessels were on fire, when, at half-past ten, the Serapis struck. Lieut. Dale, subsequently the gallant commodore of the American service, went on board to conduct Captain Pearson and his lieutenant to the presence of Jones. The Englishman, a brave man, was a second time conquered by the courtesy of the American. He roughly said that it was painful for him to surrender to a man who had fought with a halter round his neck; and the same thing might have been said to General Washington himself, or any rebel of the Congress. Jones magnanimously replied, "Sir! you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt but your sovereign will reward you in a most ample manner."

The loss in this extraordinary engagement, which outstrips and exaggerates the usual vicissitudes of naval service, was of course fearful. The entire loss of the Richard is estimated by Cooper at one hundred and fifty, nearly one-half of all the men she had engaged. Captain Pearson reported at least one hundred and seventeen casualties. The Bon Homme Richard was so riddled by the enemy's fire, and disembowelled by the gun-room explosion, that she could not be saved from sinking. When the wind freshened, the day after the victory, she became no longer tenable; her living freight was taken from her, and Jones, in the forenoon of the 25th, "with inexpressible grief," saw her final plunge into the depths of the ocean.

While the engagement of the Richard and Serapis was going on, the Pallas, better officered than the Alliance, captured the other English vessel, the Countess of Scarborough. The two prizes were carried to the Texel, where the squadron enjoyed the uneasy protection of Holland. Jones himself had an unmutilated reception in an enthusiastic greeting on the Ex-

change at Amsterdam, and a brilliant triumph, illuminated by the smiles of the fair sex, shortly after in Paris. In October, 1780, he left for America in the Ariel, bearing with him a gift from the king, a gold-mounted sword, with the inscription on the blade: *Vindicati Maris Ludovicus XVI. Remunerator Strenuo Vindici*—"Louis XVI. the Rewarder to the strong protector of the vindicated sea." The voyage was interrupted, at its outset, by a severe storm off the harbor, in which Jones displayed his usual heroism. The vessel was refitted, and after a partial action on the high seas with a mysterious stranger, reached Philadelphia in February, 1781.

Jones was warmly greeted in America by the Board of Admiralty, by Congress, which gave him permission to accept the Cross of the order of Military Merit, which the French monarch had tendered him, and with which he was now invested at a splendid entertainment by the French minister; but, above all, by a congratulatory letter from Washington, complimenting the chevalier the more efficiently in its apparently simple terms. After this, Jones, disappointed of the command of the America and the South Carolina, joined the French squadron on a West India cruise. He was in Philadelphia when peace was made, and, before the close of the year, returned again to France, seeking compensation for the prizes which he had captured. The negotiation was slow, but finally put Jones in possession of a handsome sum.

On his return to America, in 1787, Congress ordered a gold medal to be struck in honor of his exploits, and gave him a commendatory letter to Louis XVI., in whose service he was now desirous to engage. He left America, never to return to it, in November of the same year. When he reached Paris, he was met by a proposition to enter the service of Catherine of Russia, in which he was induced to engage by prospects of rank and glory. On his journey to St. Petersburg, he had a characteristic adventure in his passage from Stockholm to Revel, which he made while the navigation was interrupted by ice, traversing the sea, with great hardihood, in an open boat, extorting the labors of the boatmen by his threats of violence. He was well received by the Empress, who forwarded him to Potemkin, then in command on the Black Sea, in a war with the Turks. It is not necessary to recount the movements of a small squadron, with a divided command and jealous counsels, presided over by a whimsical, despotic court favorite. Many as were the vexations encountered by Jones in the inefficient resources, the shifts and expedients of foreign allies, and the straits of the American Commissioners, they were light compared with the stifling restraints of Russian tyranny. Jones did much fighting, in his command of the Wolodomer, on the Black Sea against the Pasha, but retired with little glory. Persecution followed at St. Petersburg—there was an assault upon his moral character, which was triumphantly disproved—various projects flitted through his teeming mind, and his connection

with the country closed after a residence of fifteen months. It is sad to watch the last years of Paul Jones, not, indeed, of age, but of growing weariness and disease, as he renews his broken Russian hopes, and revives the old faded pecuniary claims on the French Court. A gleam of sunshine appears in his aspirations to serve his country—for he still looked across the Atlantic—in the removal of the chains from the American sailors imprisoned at Algiers. His country listened to his cry: he was charged to treat with the Regency for their ransom, but before the commission reached him, he had passed to that land where the weary cease from sighing, and the prisoners are at rest. Here, with Mercy bending over the scene, let the curtain fall. Paul Jones died at Paris, at the age of forty-five, of a dropsical affection, July 18, 1792. On the evening of his decease, Gouverneur Morris, the American minister, was with him, assisted in drawing up his will, and departed. A few minutes later, his physician called, when he was found alone, lying on his bed, life extinct. He was buried in Paris; the National Assembly honored his funeral; M. Marron, a Protestant clergyman, sounded the pæan of liberated Revolutionary France over his grave. Surely his ashes are worthy to rest in American soil, and the country might worthily bestow on Paul Jones, whose spirit will yet nerve, while war remains to defend the freedom or scourge the folly of nations, many a youthful hero in her cause—a statue and a tomb.

The person of Paul Jones is well known by the numerous prints devoted to his brilliant exploits. You will see him, a little active man of medium height, not robust, but vigorous, a keen, black eye, lighting a dark, weather-beaten visage, compact and determined, with a certain melancholy grace.[1]

He was one of nature's self-made men; that is, nature gave the genius, and he supplied the industry, for he knew how to labor, and must have often exerted himself to secure the attainments which he possessed. He was a good seaman, as well as a most gallant officer; sagacious in the application of means; vain, indeed, and expensive, but natural and generous; something of a poet in verse, much more in the quickness and vivacity of his imagination, which led him to plan nobly; an accomplished writer; and for our esteem, as he was found worthy of the long friendship of Franklin, who knew him well, the sage who sought for excellence while he looked with a kindly eye upon human infirmity; we, too, may peruse the virtues of the man and smile upon his frailties.

[1] Some of these old representations approach the verge of caricature, as with plumed cap, Jones, enveloped in the smoke of war, more lurid in the smokier mezzotint, his belt girt with pistols, like the mainmast with belaying-pins, brandishing his cutlass, rages amid the prostrate foe on "the dying deck," everywhere the *plurima mortis imago.*

JOHN STARK.

John Stark was of Scottish parentage, his father, Archibald Stark, being a native of Glasgow, though he came to America with a company of emigrants from the north of Ireland, where he had been settled from his youth. They were of that vigorous race of Scottish Presbyterians, who established themselves on the Merrimac, then an outpost of the wilderness, and gave the name Londonderry, in honor of the Irish city they had left behind them, to their settlement. At this spot in New Hampshire John Stark was born, August 28, 1728. In his eighth year, his father removed to the site of the present Manchester, whence, in his sixteenth year, we find his son, already developed to a strength and hardihood capable of coping with the savage tenants of the forest, making his way in a hunting expedition to one of the distant streams in the northern portion of the State. His adventure on this occasion is well worth narrating. The party consisted of himself, his elder brother, and two others. They were proceeding with their hunting, when they became aware of the presence of a band of St. Francis Indians, and prepared to retire. John, while engaged apart from the rest in collecting the traps, was made prisoner. Upon being interrogated as to his companions, he put the Indians upon a false track, by pointing to a different direction from the one which they had taken, thus cutting off any hope of protection for himself. The savages were, however, recalled from their bootless errand, by hearing a gun fired as a signal to Stark, and took their position in consequence on the river where they would intercept the hunters. The party came on, one of them on foot, Stark's elder brother with the third in a canoe. The first was readily captured, when John was directed to hail the others. He did so, advising them to escape. Four of the Indians were about firing into the boat, when Stark arrested two of their muskets. One shot took effect, leaving the elder Stark in the boat to escape alone. John was at first severely beaten by the disappointed savages, but finding the youth serviceable in hunting, they treated him with some degree of confidence. He was taken to St. Francis, on the St. Lawrence, where he derived, in a six weeks' residence, much valuable knowledge of the Indian mode of warfare, when he was ransomed for one hundred and three dollars. His captors put a good price upon his superior worth, according to their estimation, for they released his companion at some forty per cent. less.

He gained this compliment by his skill in hunting and dare-devil valor in resisting their oppressions.

The money for Stark's ransom was advanced by certain commissioners of Massachusetts, who came to release some of their countrymen, and thus became a personal debt, to be repaid by the beneficiary. He accordingly applied himself to hunting on the Androscoggin, and we hear of his also being employed in an exploring expedition in what were then the wild and distant regions of the upper waters of the Connecticut, about the site of the present Haverhill.

On the breaking out of the French war, Stark was chosen his lieutenant by the famous Robert Rogers, the New Hampshire partisan soldier who brought his recruits to the service of the British commander at Fort Edward. The story of the service told in the rough notes of a soldier in Rogers' Journal of the War, shows it full of peril, calling for the constant display of heroism and endurance, qualities in which Stark was never deficient. He signalized himself particularly in a sharp action with the enemy, followed by a well managed retreat, in which his personal strength was fully put to the proof. He was made a captain, and was with the army in its attack upon Ticonderoga, when Lord Howe fell.

After this campaign, the warrior returned home on furlough, and married Elizabeth Page, daughter of Captain Page, of Dunbarton. The next season, however, again found him in arms, at the old scene of hostilities, under the command of Amherst. In the campaign of 1759, he was engaged in opening a road through the wilderness, from Crown Point to Fort Number Four, on the Connecticut. He retired the next year from the service, the war being now, by the conquest of Canada, virtually ended.

In the preliminary movements of the succeeding Revolutionary War, Stark, as a member of one of the New Hampshire Committees of Safety, exerted his influence in preparing the minds of his countrymen for the coming struggle, and when the actual outbreak occurred at Lexington, it is said that within ten minutes of his receiving the news, he was in the saddle summoning volunteers to rendezvous at the scene of action at Medford. Of the first New Hampshire regiment, there organized, he was unanimously elected Colonel by the suffrage of the men, and his State Provincial Congress confirmed the choice. He was in action with his troops on Breed's Hill, in the battle of Bunker's Hill, as it is commonly called, where he was in command on the left wing, and by the side of Knowlton, met the onset of the British veterans with the sharp fire of his practised marksmen. As he was moving across the exposed Boston Neck to his station, he coolly refused to hasten his march, saying, that "one fresh man in action is worth ten fatigued ones;" and when the action was at its height, on its being reported to him, falsely, as it afterwards appeared, that his son, of sixteen, who accompanied him, was killed, his reply was worthy of an ancient Spartan: "It is no time to talk of private affairs, while the enemy is

in force in front." No wonder that General Gage, who knew the man in his old campaigns, remarked, at his point of observation in Boston, to some one inquiring if the Americans would fight: "I think they will, if John Stark is with them." The whole number of the killed, wounded, and missing of Stark's regiment on this occasion, was sixty. After the action, he took up his station on Winter Hill, where he remained till the British evacuation of Boston, in March. He then served with the portion of the troops ordered to New York, and was thence sent to General Sullivan's command in Canada, where he bore his part in the unsuccessful movements of that general. After the retreat, he was stationed in the neighborhood of Ticonderoga, where, on the Declaration of the Fourth of July being read, the hill which he occupied was named Mount Independence.

Stark was next ordered to the army of Washington, on the Delaware, and in the movement upon Trenton, led the advance guard of General Sullivan's column, distinguishing himself, as usual, by his good conduct in the action. He was also with Washington in the battle of Princeton; after which we find him holding his men together for a new term of enlistment by his personal influence, and forwarding the recruiting service in his native State. While engaged in this last duty, he felt that injustice had been done him in overlooking him in the new promotions, and resigned his commission in the army. "An officer," he affirmed, "who would not maintain his rank and assert his rights, was not worthy of serving his country." He retired, however, in no spirit of disaffection to the cause, but professed himself ready to serve his country again on occasion, and, in the mean time, fitted out such of his family as were capable of bearing arms.

The occasion to call him into the field arose with the advance of Burgoyne's army to its intended junction with Howe. Special instructions were given by the British commander to Colonel Baum, a Hessian officer, to proceed through the present State of Vermont, with the several objects of replenishing his stock of provisions, procuring dragoon horses, of which the army stood in need, and generally alarming the country by the prospect of a military movement toward Boston. Bennington, as a grand depot of provisions, was a special object of attack. In the meantime, a new force of militia had been raised with extraordinary spirit in New Hampshire, and the most vigorous measures taken for the defence of the country. The first movement of troops was assigned to Stark, in whom the highest confidence was placed. He accepted it on condition that the command should be considered a local one, subject only to the authorities of his State, which was granted—after which the orders of Schuyler to report himself on the Hudson had no effect to divert him from his course. He took command of the forces gathered on the frontier at Bennington, prepared for the attack of the enemy, who, on the 11th of August, 1777, began

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